

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—An Up-to-Date Twist.—She—"What is love?" He—"Two saddles with but a single frame; two sprockets that turn as one."—Judge.

—The Blond—"I wonder if I shall ever live to be a hundred?" The Brunette—"Not if you remain 22 much longer."—Tit-Bits.

—"I asked the young woman in front of me to remove her big hat so I could see the stage." "Did she do it?" "No; she said if she held her hat in her lap she couldn't see the stage herself."—Chicago Record.

—"Not the Word for It."—"Henry, isn't this pumpkin pie I made you a poem?" "Poem? Josephine, I tell you solemnly, the editor who would throw that in the waste basket ought to be hanged."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Not His Fault."—Father McDuff (severely)—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, O'Donnell. You never know when you have enough." O'Donnell—"An' shure, yer reverence is right! Oi never know! Whin Oi gets enough Oi'm insensible."—Puck.

—"Entirely Capable."—Attorney—"Have you formed or expressed an opinion concerning this case?" Venetian—"No, sir. I haven't formed or expressed an opinion about anything for 18 months. I'm the janitor of a women's club."—Chicago Tribune.

—"Explained."—First New Yorker—"I met a man this morning who said he preferred Philadelphia to New York." Second New Yorker—"Great Scott! I can't conceive of anyone having such a preference. What sort of a being was he?" First New Yorker—"A Philadelphian."—Judge.

—"Accounting for It."—"George Windrig is an enigma to me. Being a preacher's son, it would naturally seem that he ought to be wild and worthless, but, as you know, he is one of the finest fellows in this town." "Still it must not be forgotten that the old gentleman isn't a very good preacher."—Chicago News.

A ROMANCE OF THE NORTH.

Or Gold and Boiled Dog on the Klondike.

Lady Clara Klondike, the golden-haired daughter of the first duke of Dawson, stood within the grand old oaken hall of her father's palace, overlooking the frozen river and the snow-clad hills. She was clothed heavily in rich and elegant furs, for the winter had been long and cold and the end was not yet.

She shivered as the seneschal announced the arrival of the count of St. Michael. Full well she knew the intent of the count's visit, and she steered herself for the encounter which she knew must follow quick upon their meeting.

Seeing the fair being standing by the wide fireplace of the drawing-room, looking more lovely than he had ever seen her, he approached her side in a whirl of emotion.

"At last," he ejaculated, in suppressed tones.

"Why?" she inquired in a tone of voice which made the Klondike winter seem like a tropic dream.

"Oh, sweet Claire," he murmured, "so long have I yearned for this moment. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge, but all days were dumb to me, and all nights black in ignorance while I have been waiting to come thus into your presence and offer you my heart, my hand and my fortune."

Thus speaking, he flung himself at her feet, the meanwhile the large and soiled Indians from the headwaters of the river came forward rolling into the beautiful reception-room ten barrels of pure, unadulterated gold dust worth \$19.35 an ounce at any mint in the land.

At first Lady Claire's face took on a kindly look, and there was in it almost a rosy flush of hope. She watched the barrels eagerly, for they looked so much like the barrels her father was wont to pack hams in ere he had come hither from Chicago so many years ago.

However, it was but a moment, until she detected nothing in the barrels save gold dust, and she involuntarily and convulsively clutched at her bediamonded and gold-stomacher hanging so loosely about her fair form.

The count, still at her feet, took no notice, for he had not spent the winter in Klondike, and did not know how it was.

As she saw what the count was lavishing upon her, she drew back and touched him with her foot as a token that he might arise.

"Take back your gold, count," she said, waving her lily-white hand for the Indians to withdraw as they had come, that is, accompanied by the barrels. "Take back your gold, I have no use for it here. It was kind of you to think of it, and I am sure I appreciate your courtesy, but Charlie McManagin has 40 pounds of boiled dog which he says shall be all my own if I accept him, and you must excuse me, count, really you must."

Before the ice broke up in the river in July, the count began to understand Lady Claire's choice.—W. J. Lampton, in N. Y. Sun.

Oldest Bank Notes.
The oldest bank note in existence is in the British museum. It was printed in China in the year 1368, 32 years before Johann Gutenberg, the reputed inventor of printing, was born. It was issued 300 years before bank notes were circulated in Europe.—N. Y. Sun.

Not Up to Date.
"We are going to send our son to Harvard university."

"Harvard? Oh, yes, that's one of the old-fashioned universities that you can get into without subscribing to a magazine."—Chicago Record.

Ex Parte.
Mrs. Prye—Tell us, dear, do you ever quarrel with your husband?

Mrs. Lamb—Never. But he often quarrels with me, the hateful thing.—Boston Transcript.

TRADE WITH MEXICO INCREASES

Important Report Sent by Consul Canada at Vera Cruz.

William W. Canada, United States consul at Vera Cruz, Mexico, has made an important report to the secretary of state on our commerce with Mexico, in which he says that the commerce of this country with Vera Cruz is increasing rapidly. Imports into Mexico through the port of Vera Cruz from European countries have fallen off in the last two years about 14 per cent, while those from the United States have grown in about the same extent.

In 1895 the United States had about 15 per cent. of the total import trade of Vera Cruz city, and in 1897 it has risen to 19 per cent. Consul Canada says that the favor with which European goods are received in Mexico is not due to the superiority of the product, but to the fact that business firms in Europe pay more attention to the needs of the Mexican market.

The consul mentions the ignorance of some (United States) shippers in regard to the meaning of the term "legal weight," which includes not only the weight of the merchandise, but the weight of all inner packages and wrappings, only the extreme outside case being excluded. Fully 40 per cent. of the commodities specified in the Mexican tariff are dutiable on this basis, and in some cases, on account of the method of packing, 90 per cent. of the duty must be paid on the useless wood.

The consul speaks of the defective translations of manufacturers' catalogues sent from the United States to Mexico. Hundreds of thousands of dollars, he says, are actually thrown away in the United States in having translations made that are incomprehensible to the people they are supposed to enlighten.

OFFERED THE BED TO THE QUEEN

Story of an Englishman Who Bought Wales Yacht Britannia.

From the comments heard in the London clubs it is not likely that Mr. John Lawson Johnstone, of Kingwood, Kent, the principal director of a well-known and largely advertised company, who turns out to be the purchaser of the prince of Wales' famous racing cutter Britannia, will be received with open arms in yachting circles. In fact, it is rumored that the prince sold the yacht on the express condition that the purchaser should not race her and that she is to be rigged as a cruiser.

Mr. Johnstone also told the interviewer how he had recently paid £750 (\$3,750) for a bed upon which Prince Charles slept before the battle of Culodden. This, he offered to present to Queen Victoria, who replied that only on one or two occasions had she accepted presents from a commoner, and she did not see her way to accept the bed.

"However, it was a very pleasant letter; very pleasant," said Mr. Johnstone, who added that the duke of Argyll had promised to come and sleep in the bed as soon as the matter could be arranged. The newspapers jeer at the inappropriateness of the selection, as the Campbells, of which clan the duke of Argyll is the head, were the deadly enemies of the Stuarts.

X RAYS IN FOOTBALL.

Capt. Hershberger's Injured Foot Examined by Men of Science.

It is seldom that football men resort to the science of physics to help win games, but such is the case at the University of Chicago. In the game between Chicago and Illinois the other day Hershberger, full back, and captain of the Midway team, was thought to have had his left foot broken. At any rate it was so severely injured that the owner was forced to retire from the game.

Hershberger is the most valuable man on the team, and the idea of his being unable to play again for some time has caused Director Stagg to secure the best care for him. Recently it was decided that the injured member should be subjected to an X ray machine. Accordingly a picture of the foot was taken by Prof. C. R. Mann and S. W. Stratton, of the department of physics, assisted by Drs. C. P. Small and Bayard Holmes.

The experts, relying upon the reports of the doctors, fully expected to find two or three bones broken. But the negative showed no signs of fractures and the football men are inclined to think that the laugh is on the doctors who treated the player.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 2.

LIVESTOCK—Cattle common, \$ 2 75 3 75
Select butchers, 4 00 4 25
CALVES—Fair to good light, 5 50 6 25
HOGS—Common, 2 90 3 25
Mixed packers, 3 30 3 40
Light shippers, 2 75 3 00
SHEEP—Choice, 3 85 4 15
LAMB—Good to choice, 4 85 5 25
FLOUR—Winter family, 3 50 3 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 64 94
Oats—No. 2 red, 62 82
Corn—No. 2 mixed, 60 72 1/2
Oats—No. 2, 62 72 1/2
HAY—Prime to choice, 9 25 9 50
PROVISIONS—Mess pork, 8 37 1/2 8 37 1/2
Lard—Prime steam, 14 12 1/2
BUTTER—Choice dairy, 12 14
Prime to choice creamery, 14 14
APPLES—Per box, 2 50 3 25
POTATOES—Per box, 2 00 2 25

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter patent, 4 70 4 90
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 96 1/2 96 1/2
Southern—Wheat, 92 96 1/2
CORN—No. 2, 62 70
OATS—No. 2, 62 70
PORK—Mess, 7 15 7 20
LARD—Steam, 4 20 4 25 1/2

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Winter patent, 4 95 5 25
CORN—No. 2 mixed, 60 72 1/2
RYE, 50 50 1/2
OATS—Mixed, 20 20 1/2
BUTTER—New mess, 8 25 9 00
LARD—Western, 4 40 4 45

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Family, 4 50 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2, 97 1/2 97 1/2
Southern—Wheat, 92 96 1/2
Corn—Mixed, 23 23 1/2
Oats—No. 2 white, 29 29 1/2
Rye—No. 2 white, 28 28 1/2
CATTLE—First quality, 4 20 4 40
HOGS—Western, 4 15 4 20

INDIANAPOLIS.

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2, 96 96 1/2
Corn—No. 2 mixed, 62 70
Oats—No. 2, 62 70

LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR—Winter patent, 3 75 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 95 96 1/2
Corn—Mixed, 28 28 1/2
Oats—No. 2, 28 28 1/2
PORK—Mess, 9 25 9 25 1/2
LARD—Steam, 4 15 4 15 1/2

FIRST WOMAN CITIZEN.

Her Sturdy Lads and Clever Lassies Become Prominent Citizens.

Known as the "Widow Ryan"—Was a Clever Business Woman—Short Sketch of Her Life and What Some of Her Children Accomplished.

From the News, Indianapolis, Ind.

Hundreds of thousands of men of foreign birth have taken up papers declaring their citizenship in Indiana since that State was admitted into the Union in 1816 without creating remark or comment. It was a different matter, however, when along in the forties the first woman of foreign birth applied for and received papers of citizenship after declaring in set form that she renounced all allegiance to every prince or potentate on earth.

This "first woman citizen" was an Irish widow who settled in southern Indiana with her progeny of sturdy lads and clever lassies upon a farm which she had bought and had taken out naturalization papers in order to manage her property to better advantage, and for the further purpose of starting her family as true Americans with a full understanding of the advantages and responsibilities of American citizenship.

"The Widow Ryan," as she was known in Daviess County, Indiana, was a great woman with a clever business head and left behind her those who grew to be worthy men and worthy women, and who have left their impress upon the State.

One of these sons James B. Ryan became treasurer of the State of Indiana, and a son-in-law, M. L. Brett, also held that high and honorable position. Another son was the late Lieut. Col. Richard J. Ryan who was probably the most successful business man that Indiana ever produced, and who during the war for the Union served his country in the Thirty-fifth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, better known as "the Irish Regiment."

Another son is Thomas F. Ryan who is now 39 years old, and with a few intervals of absence has been a resident of Indianapolis for forty-two years. Mr. Ryan has been an active business man all his life and has seen more than one fortune come and go in the vicissitudes of trade and sudden panic.

In the early fifties smitten by the gold fever he went by way of the Isthmus of Panama to California, and he has always retained the free-hearted, open and trusting confidence that distinguished the gallant pioneers of the golden State. He has been all over the far west engaged in mining and trade operations in Oregon, Arizona and Montana. From May, 1885 until August, 1887 he was the government agent at the Seal Islands off the Alaska coast, a highly responsible position.

"For ten years or more," said Mr. Ryan in conversation with a group of gentlemen at the Indianapolis Board of Trade, "I have been extremely sensitive to my lower limbs, to weather changes. If my legs had been filled with quick silver I do not think they could have responded more quickly or more disagreeably to climatic conditions."

"During the past two years this infirmity became much worse, and I began to be alarmed, fearing paralysis. My legs were cold and recently from my knees down were without sensation. I could walk only short distances and would even then experience great weariness. I became more and more alarmed. I naturally thought of paralysis or locomotor ataxia. The prospect was not a pleasing one."

"I happened to meet my old friend Capt. C. F. Shepard, of this city. He was chanting the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and gave me his experience, telling me that he had been brought by using them from a bed where he lay helpless to his physician having declared him a hopeless victim of locomotor ataxia, and was now as active as any man of his age, not even requiring the use of a cane. Upon his recommendation I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I found positive relief, after taking a few doses. The numbness in my limbs disappeared as if by magic and I can walk as far as I like at a good rapid gait and without weariness. This you may understand is a great boon to a man who has been of an active habit of life and who still likes to depend to a great extent upon his legs to get around in the world."

"The pills also drove the rheumatism out of my hip for I have not been bothered with it since I began their use. I think I shall have to join Captain Shepard in his praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. These pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Had Some Motive, of Course.

Mrs. Bellows—I believe you married me for my money.

Bellows—A-hem! Well, I certainly didn't go to the altar for my health.—N. Y. Journal.

Why is it that a boy always insists upon raising pigeons or bantam chickens, instead of something useful, like turkeys or pigs?—Athenian Globe.

TRYING ORDEALS FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Women May Avoid Painful Examinations.

To a modest, sensitive, high-strung young woman, especially an unmarried woman, there is no more trying or painful ordeal than the "examinations," which are now so common in hospitals and private practice.

An examination by speculum, or otherwise, is sometimes a positive necessity in certain stages of many diseases peculiar to women, so at least it is declared by the profession. This would not be the case if patients heeded their symptoms in time.

If a young girl's blood is watery, her skin pale and waxy looking, her lips colorless, bowels torpid, digestion poor, her ears and temples throb and she is subject to headache, begin at once to build up her system with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Do not allow her to undergo a physical examination.

Here is a letter from a young lady who requests that her name should not be used, but gives her initials and street number so that any inquiry addressed to her will be received. She says:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—It affords me great pleasure to be able to say a few words in regard to the merits of your Vegetable Compound. I was tempted to try it after seeing the effects of it upon my mother, and now I feel like a new person. I am a stenographer and was troubled with falling of the womb and female weakness in general. I continued to work until I was so weak I could no longer walk, and the last day I was forced to stop and rest."

"I was then so ill that I was compelled to stay in bed, and so nervous that I could not hold anything in my hands. The least noise or surprise would cause my heart to beat so loudly, and I would become so weak that I could hardly stand. I suffered for almost a year. It is different now. I can go about my work with pleasure, while before, work was a drudge."

"Trusting that my words of praise may help some other afflicted person, and be of benefit to womankind in general, I remain, Yours in gratitude, L. H., 444 S. East St., Indianapolis, Ind."

BRIEF AND POINTED.

A Speaker Who Didn't Have Much to Say.

The pride of visitors to Washington who go to the senate chamber or house of representatives to see the congressman or senator from their district and hear him make a speech is often apparent at the national capital.

One man had been observed as a frequent visitor in the gallery of the house. A friend took the seat beside him one day, and warm greetings were exchanged between the two. "Have you seen him?" asked the newcomer.

"Yes," was the reply, "I've seen him." "Have you had the luck to be here when he was talking?"

"I took care not to miss anything he might say. I've been here every day."

"I don't blame you. I only wish I had the time. The way he woke up those monopolies and ringsters out home was a caution, and then he was just nibbling at the questions of the day, just getting the flavor of the social situation previous to stepping in and biting out a chunk or two."

"That's the way I always looked at him." "I suppose his voice has been ringing out in clarion tones."

"My yes," was the doubtful rejoinder. "What did he say?" exclaimed the questioner, eagerly. "I'll bet it was something brief and to the point."

"So far as I can judge I tried not to let any of his remarks get away from me, but I'm afraid that maybe I wasn't watchful enough. I've only heard him speak five times. Three of them he said 'aye' and the other two he said 'no.'"—Washington Star.

May Have Meant That.

"He told me to get off the earth. What do you suppose he meant?" "He seemed to think that you needed a bath, evidently."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Good Bed.

Hostess—I hope you found the bed comfortable, Mr. Jenkins? Jenkins—Excellent, madam! I nearly fell asleep in it.—Chicago Tribune.

It Makes Cold Feet Warm.

Shake into your under shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It gives rest and comfort, prevents that smarting sensation and keeps your feet from perspiring.

Allen's Foot-Ease makes cold feet warm. After your feet perspire they usually feel cold at this season. Ask your druggist or shoe dealer to-day for a 25c box of Allen's Foot-Ease and use it at once. Sample sent free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Not a Diplomat.

"You never tell me that I look young and sweet any more," pouted Mrs. Lovelace. "No," her brute of a husband replied, "I seem of late to have lost my powers of imagination almost completely."—Cleveland Leader.

Take the Air Line.

To St. Louis and the West, 53 miles the shortest from Louisville, makes the quickest time, Pullman Sleepers, Parlor and Dining Cars.

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"Do you think that stimulants would hurt me, doctor?" "No, if you leave them alone."—Detroit Free Press.

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To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Not nearly all the funny things in this world are with a museum.—Washington Democrat.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instantly. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

You can tell a good deal about people by the appearance of their back porch.—Washington Democrat.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—P. R. Loiz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

In giving thanks for your blessings, don't forget the criticisms you have received.—N. Y. Independent.

Feel it pass away—when St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia. Soothes it out.

The easiest way to catch a flirt is not to attempt it.—Chicago News.

Sprained last night. To-day you are Well if you use St. Jacobs Oil to cure.

You can't convince an editor that "no news is good news."—Chicago News.

Keep on and suffer if you think St. Jacobs Oil won't cure rheumatism.

There is a remedy for everything except some of the remedies.—Chicago News.

DOCTORS DON'T DENY IT.

The frank testimony of a famous physician.

When Dr. Ayer announced his Sarsaparilla to the world, he at once found the physicians his friends. Such a remedy was what they had looked for, and they were prompt to appreciate its merits and prescribe it. Perhaps no medicine—known as a patent medicine—is so generally administered and prescribed by physicians as Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood diseases, and diseases of the skin that indicate a tainted condition of the blood. Experience has proved it to be a specific in such diseases, and sores of long standing, old ulcers, chronic rheumatism, and many other like forms of disease have yielded to the persevering use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla after other medicines had utterly failed.

The testimonials received from physicians to the value of this remedy would fill a volume. Here is one leaf signed by Richard H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

"It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the success which your preparation of Sarsaparilla has had in the treatment of cutaneous and other diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood. Were it necessary, I might give you the names of a number of individuals who have been cured of long-standing complaints simply by the administration of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One lady, a Quaker, had been afflicted with a quite old woman who had lived at Catsville, near this city. She had been

afflicted with the rheumatism for three years, and had taken as she had informed me, more than one hundred dollars' worth of medicine to obtain relief, yet, without any beneficial result. I advised her to try a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and told her that if it failed to do her good, I would refund the money. A short time afterward, I learned that it had cured her, and a neighbor of hers similarly afflicted was also entirely relieved of his complaint by its use. This is the universal result of the administration of your Sarsaparilla. It is without exception, the best blood purifier with which I am acquainted."

There is no other similar medicine can show a similar record. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the friendship of the physician and the favor of the family, because it cures. It fulfills all promises made for it. It has healed thousands of people of the most malignant diseases that can mutilate mankind. Nothing has ever superseded it and nothing ever will until a medicine is made that can show a record of cures greater in number and equal in wonder to those wrought by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured, is sent free of charge by the J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

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TO THE FRONT FOR TRUTH.

Mrs. E. J. Horton.

Ranger, Ga., writes: Twelve years ago I had Heartburn, Kidney Disease, Constipated Bowels, Glimmering Before my Eyes, Belched up Gas, and other troubles. I had a Doctor attending me, but nothing did me any good until I got Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine, which completely cured me. I have tried "Black Draught," but think Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine is ahead of that or any other medicine.

Palpitation of the Heart.

Whenever one becomes sensible of the beating of their own heart